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AFFORD TO MISS...

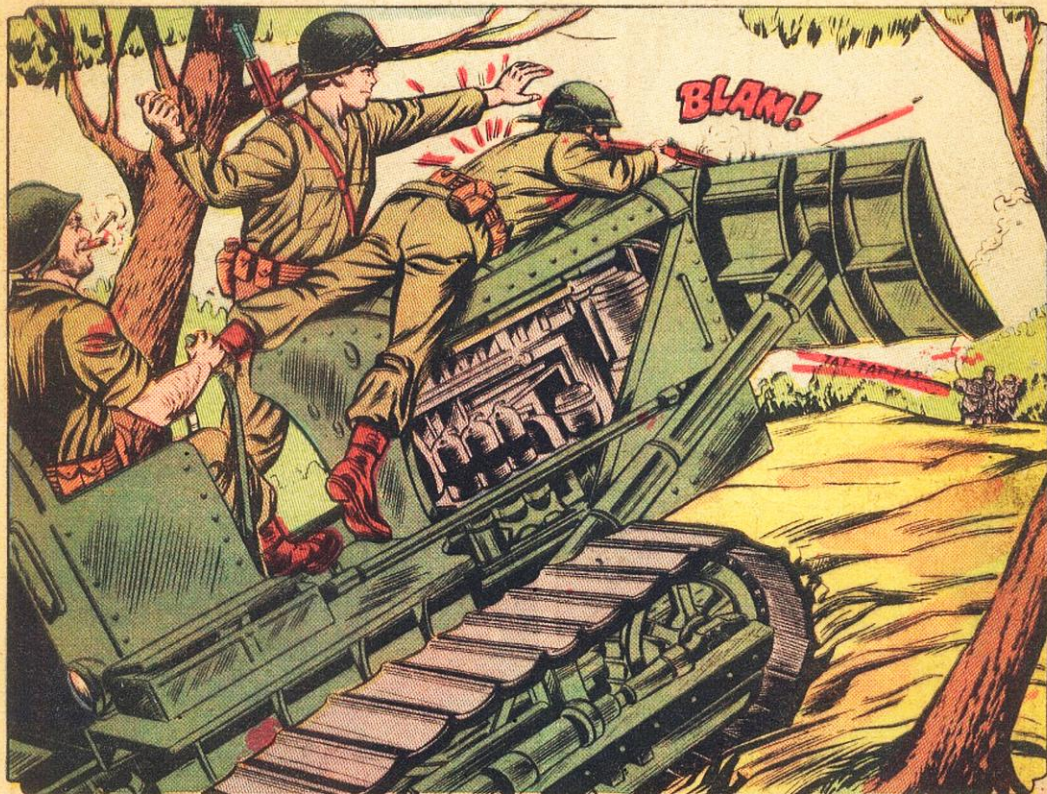
*The greatest, most challenging
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Soldiers
of **FORTUNE**

10¢
ON ALL
STANDS!

A COMBAT ENGINEER IS SUPPOSED TO BE AN ENGINEER FIRST AND A FIGHTER ONLY SECONDARILY... BUT THERE ARE TIMES WHEN HE HAS TO SLUG AND BATTLE HIS WAY THROUGH DEADLY ODDS BEFORE HE CAN EVEN START DOING HIS ASSIGNED JOB! THIS WAS ONE OF THOSE TIMES -- WHEN A STUBBORN COMBAT ENGINEER WHO DIDN'T KNOW THE MEANING OF FEAR RODE HIS

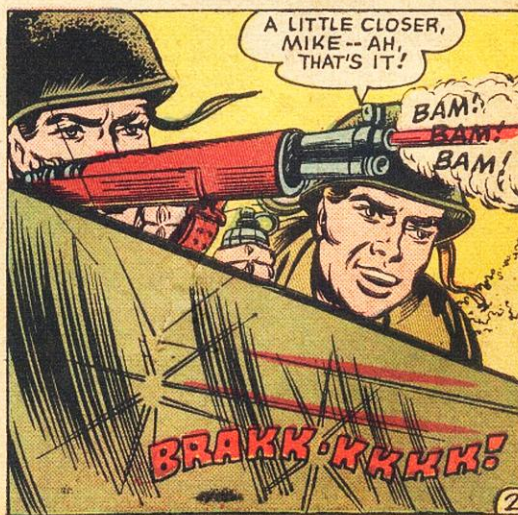
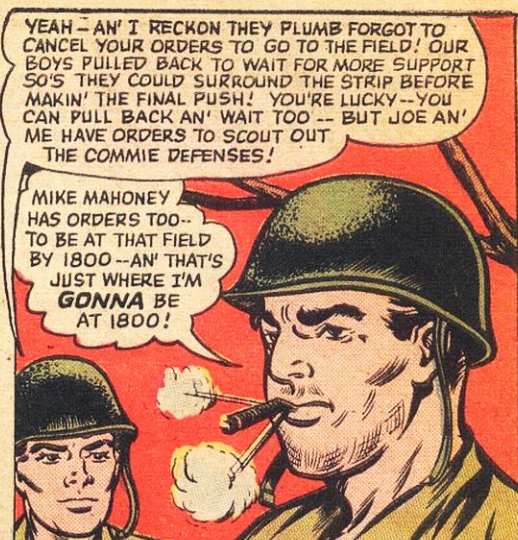
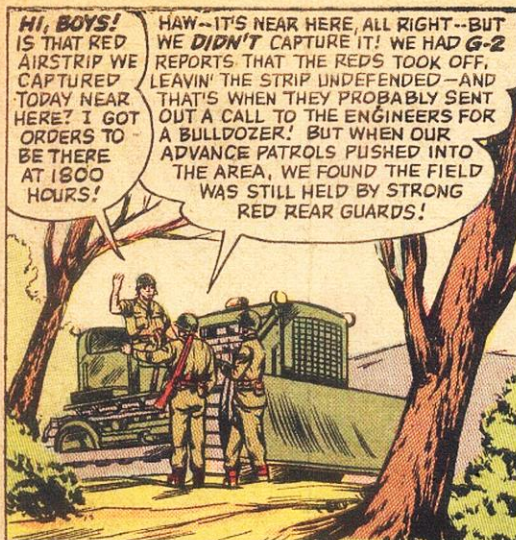
BULLDOZER TO GLORY!

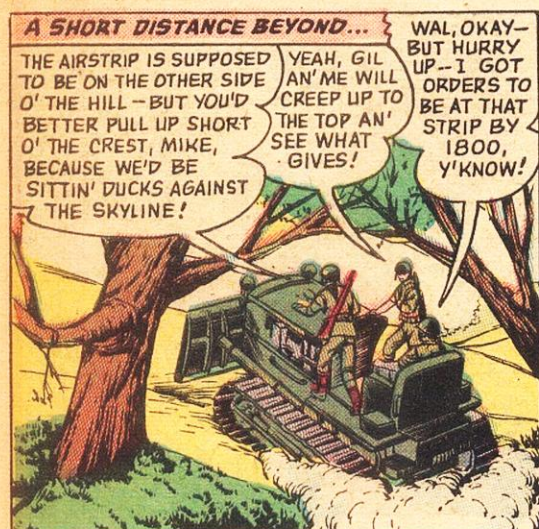


ON THE NORTH KOREAN BATTLEFIELD...



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AS THE SURVIVING REDS
RUSH OUT OF THE CAVE...



HOLD IT, GIL—THERE ARE
PROBABLY MORE OF 'EM IN
THE CAVE! DON'T STICK
YOUR NECK IN THERE!

BUT WE'RE OUTA
GRENADES—SO
HOW IN BLAZES ARE
WE GONNA FLUSH
'EM OUT?



LOOK OUT
BELOW!

HUH?



OUTA THE WAY! I'LL SEAL
THAT CAVE UP TIGHTER'N
A DRUM!

WHAT
A MIKE!



CRASH!

YIIII!



AGAIN AND AGAIN THE POWERFUL BLADE PUSHES
DOWN MOUNDS OF EARTH AND DEBRIS—UNTIL
LITERALLY TONS OF IT COVER THE CAVE ENTRANCE!

HAW--SOUNDS AS
IF THEY'RE MILES
UNDERGROUND!

NEVER MIND THEM--WE GOT
OTHER WORRIES! THE REDS ON
THE AIRSTRIP MUST'VE HEARD
THE RUCKUS UP HERE--BECAUSE
HERE THEY COME!





HAW -- JUST LIKE TARGET PRACTICE OUT ON THE RANGE!



C'MON, GIL -- JOIN THE FUN!

HAW -- THEY KEEP COMIN'! FASTER'N YOU CAN KNOCK 'EM DOWN! I GOT A BETTER WAY!



ONE OF THESE RED MORTARS STILL LOOKS USABLE -- SO I'LL JUST RAISE THE ANGLE OF ELEVATION, DUMP IN A SHELL-- AND...



WHOOOSH!



KABLOON!

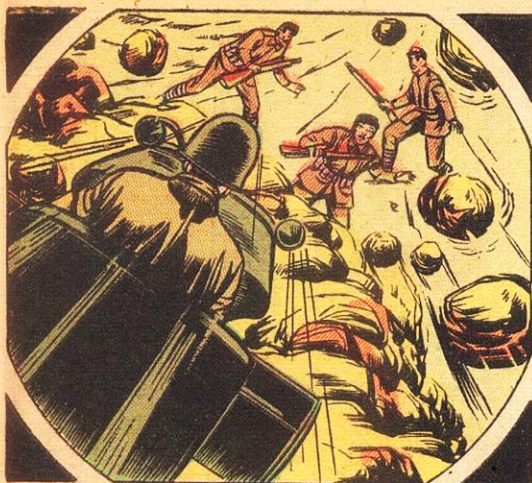


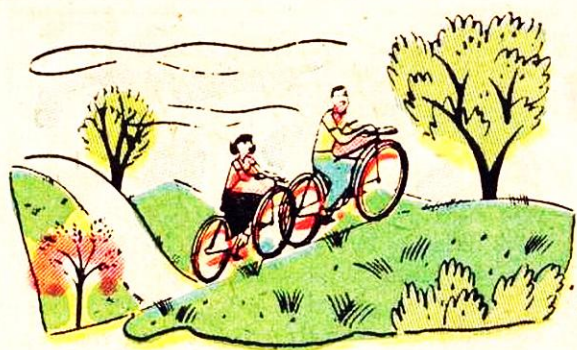
THAT'S STILL TOO SLOW -- THEY'RE STILL COMIN'! IF WE CAN'T KEEP 'EM OFF THE HILL, THEN MEBBE THEY WON'T BE ABLE TO KEEP THE HILL OFF THEM!



THIS GROUND IS LOOSE AND ROCKY-- PERFECT FOR AN AVALANCHE!

CRR-RUNCH!





Over hill . . . you really get pulling and holding power from U. S. Royal's "built-in skid chain" tread.



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And on city streets . . . you stop on a dime . . . rain or shine! And Royals last longer, too!

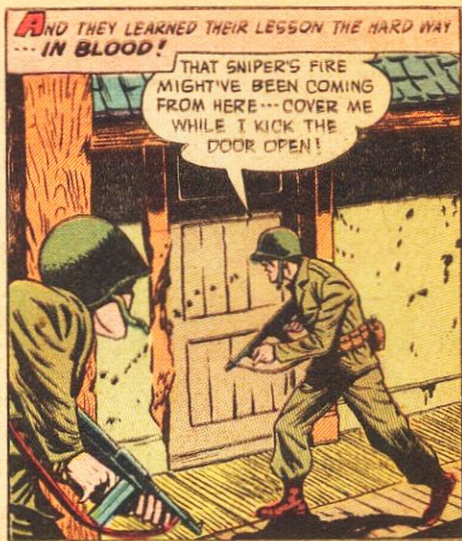
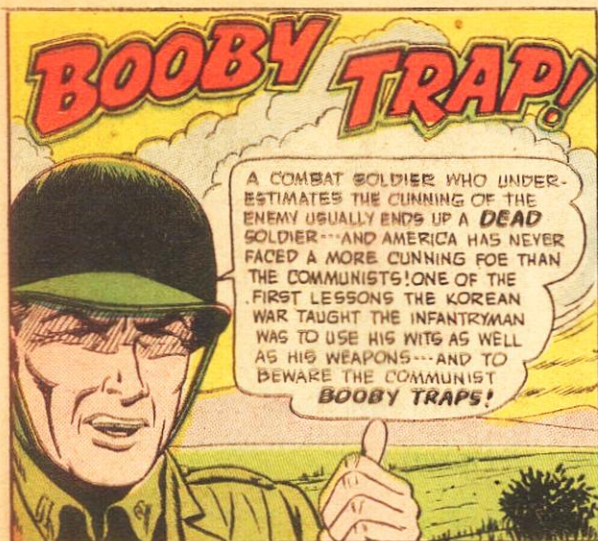
Remember fun goes farther with

U.S. ROYALS

America's favorite bicycle tires

UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY

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THE CHANCES ARE THAT KICK WOULD HAVE BEEN THE GI'S LAST ONE...FOR ONE OF THE REDS' FAVORITE TRICKS IS TO CONNECT TRIP WIRES BETWEEN HIGH EXPLOSIVES AND DOORS OR WINDOWS OF HOUSES THEY'VE ABANDONED!



AFTER A WHILE, THE SMART GI'S BEGAN TO GET WISE TO THE ENEMY'S WILY STUNTS!

LET'S SEARCH THAT DEAD RED...Mebbe he's got some gouvénirs on 'im!

NO...WAIT...THE COMMIES DON'T MIND BOOBY-TRAPPING THEIR DEAD! LET'S PLAY IT SAFE...AND LOOK FOR HIDDEN WIRES!



SURE 'NUFF...IF YOU'D HAVE STUCK YOUR HANDS IN HIS POCKETS BEFORE CUTTING THOSE HIDDEN WIRES, YOU'D HAVE BEEN BLOWN TO KINGDOM COME!



BUT THE REDS DIDN'T STOP AT BOOBY-TRAPPING THEIR OWN DEAD!



AS SOON AS THE GI'S LEARNED THE DEADLY TOLL BOOBY TRAPS COULD EXACT, **THEY** BEGAN TO USE THEIR WITS--- AND BECAME EVEN GREATER EXPERTS AT BOOBY TRAPPING THAN THE REDS THEMSELVES!



BUT WHEN THE RED STEPPED ON THE STARTER---



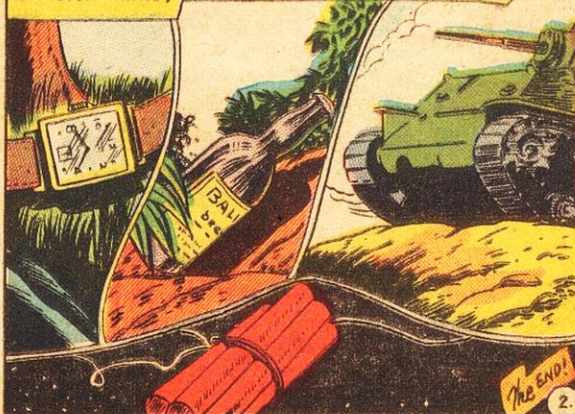
SOON ENOUGH, THE RED SOLDIERS LEARNED TO RESPECT THE HANDINESS OF AMERICAN SOLDIERS AT BOOBY TRAPPING!



BUT THE REDS DIDN'T HAVE THE LAST LAUGH--- FOR AMERICAN BOOBY TRAP EXPERTS HAD WIRED THE DYNAMITE TO **ANOTHER** HIGH EXPLOSIVE BURIED DEEPER IN THE GROUND---AND WHEN THE REDS REMOVED THE TOP LAYER OF DYNAMITE---



YES---IF A COMBAT SOLDIER WANTS TO AVOID SUDDEN DEATH, HE'D BETTER STOP AND LOOK FOR A **BOOBY TRAP** BEFORE HE TOUCHES OR MOVES ANYTHING HE FINDS ON THE BATTLEFIELD---FROM OBJECTS AS SMALL AS WRISTWATCHES OR BOTTLES OF BEER TO TRUCKS AND EVEN TANKS!



Tail GUNNER

JERRY SAT NERVOUSLY in the tail gunner's position of the B-29, sweating it out as the heavy bomber went into its payoff run. Nothing to do but go through the flak...and pray. This wasn't the combat he'd hoped for when he'd enlisted. He'd hoped for pilot wings, a fighter plane, and the thrills and dangers the fighter pilots knew, but the medics has washed him out because he had poor lateral perception at night.

Taking second best, Jerry had chosen gunnery, in what seemed to him the forlorn hope of seeing *action*, but in the ten missions he had flown, nothing had happened. You reached the target, and if the flak didn't get you, you dropped your bombs. The fighter planes flying guard took care of enemy planes. He might just as well have brought along a book to read.

Suddenly, there was a severe jolt, practically spinning the cap off his head. "We're HIT!" the pilot shouted into his ear phones. "Number One motor...we're losing altitude!" The plane dropped three thousand feet before the pilot could straighten it. "We'll try to limp home," Jerry heard, "but the formation won't be with us. Alert you gunners...look out for Migs!"

Five minutes later the wobbly B-29 was alone, hundreds of miles from Allied lines. Jerry was all attention now, scanning the skies almost hopefully. Then, they appeared, tiny specks on the horizon... THE ENEMY!

Twenty seconds later the sky was filled with the roar of straining motors and the fierce clatter of heavy machineguns. A Mig passed straight over Jerry's head with a roaring whoosh, its machineguns sparking death. "I take it from here, rat!" he yelled, squeezing off his shots perfectly. The Mig took the volley in the tail,

fluttered...exploded!

Jerry had no time to count his kills, or think of anything but the blazing action all around. Vaguely, in the midst of his own firing, he was aware that although the lone bomber was putting up a tremendous fight, its defenses were being slowly overpowered. Friendly lines were drawing closer...but now the roaring Migs were swooping down, for the kill!

"It's up to you, Jerry!" he heard the head pilot shout. "The other gunners are all hit!" Jerry snapped a new belt into his gun, slapped down the magazine cover, and jiggled his sights onto the approaching planes. BRRRAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT! There was a ball of red fire in front of him. But he had no time to look at the burning jet, for another was practically atop him.

"Got him!" he yelled triumphantly as the second Red fighter exploded. But he knew that it was only a matter of time. They'd overpower the plane, just as soon as they realized that it was unprotected anywhere except in the rear. Sure enough, he saw the remnants of the enemy formation regroup, preparing for a frontal dive, but suddenly, they banked, and streaked to the North! Jerry's head whirled. "Yippee!" Approaching from the southern horizon was a swarm of Sabrejets, coming to help the stricken bomber limp home!

Later, after the crash landing in Pusan, the squadron commander was all praise. "That was a great job, sergeant," he beamed at Jerry. "We might even get the medics to reconsider your qualifications."

"You kiddin'?" Jerry shouted, forgetting that he was addressing the colonel, "Wild horses couldn't drag me out of THIS outfit, 'cause when action comes... BROTH--ERR!"

KOREAN BATTLEGROUND!

WAR MEANT ONLY ONE THING TO PFC. BARNEY MASON-- THE ROAD TO CERTAIN DEATH! THERE SEEMED NO POINT OR PURPOSE IN THE FIGHTING, UNTIL HE LEARNED A SECOND MEANING FOR--
KOREAN BATTLEGROUND!

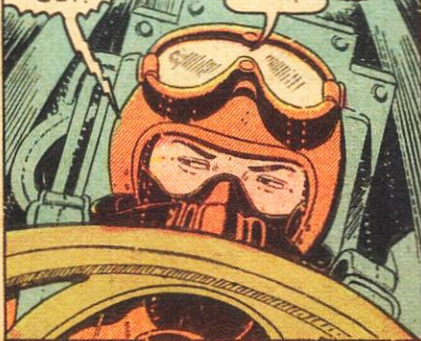


IN THE GREY CHILL OF A KOREAN DAWN, AS A WAVE OF U.S. BOMBERS THUNDERED ACROSS THE ENEMY'S LINE...



RED FOX TO LEADER! FULL BOMB LOAD RELEASED ON TARGET! READY TO REGROUP... OVER AND OUT!

NICE GOING, CHARLIE! GET UPSTAIRS AND LEVEL AT 8000! WE'VE DONE OUR JOB AND IT'S UP TO THE DOUGHFEET TO MOP 'EM UP! THAT'LL BE ALL, PAL!



MOPPING UP! TWO SIMPLE WORDS THAT SUM UP THE ROUGHEST ASSIGNMENT OF THE ALL--A JOB FOR THE INFANTRY!

THERE GO THE FLYBOYS, BARNEY! GUESS WE'LL BE MOVING IN TO FINISH 'EM OFF!

YEAH! JUST DIG 'EM OUT LIKE SPUDS IN A FIELD!



MORTAR!

WHEW, THAT WAS CLOSE! KANSAS WAS NEVER LIKE THIS-- EH, KID?

CUT THE COMEDY, HANK! THERE AIN'T A BLASTED ACRE IN THE WHOLE OF KOREA THAT C'N COMPARE TO KANSAS! THIS ROTTEN PESTHOLE IS NOTHIN' BUT---



OKAY, YOU GUYS, SHAKE THE LEAD OUTA YOUR PANTS! WE'RE MOVIN' UP!



THE WHOLE THING'S CRAZY! WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT? WHAT'RE WE DOIN' HERE, RISKIN' OUR NECKS EVERY TIME WE TAKE A STEP? WE DON'T BELONG HERE, HANK! THIS AIN'T OUR WAR!

NOW'S NO TIME TO FIGURE IT OUT, KID! JUST KEEP YOUR EYES PEELED AN' YOUR HEAD DOWN!



SUDDENLY...

明
日
ハ

BRATTA-
TATTA-
TAT-TAT!



OHH-H!

C'MON, YOU GUYS! HEAD FOR THAT WALL!

TATTA-TAT-TAT!



THAT'S ONE MORTAR
EMPLACEMENT THEM
FLYBOYS MISSED!

DON'T BE HARD
ON 'EM, KID--
THEY DO THEIR
BEST!



M.G. FIRE UP AHEAD, SARGE!
IF WE DON'T GET THROUGH, WE'LL
BE **CUT OFF** FROM THE MAIN
BODY! EVERYTHING'S ON
THE MOVE!

OKAY,
OKAY!
LET'S
SPOT
THAT
MACHINE
GUN!



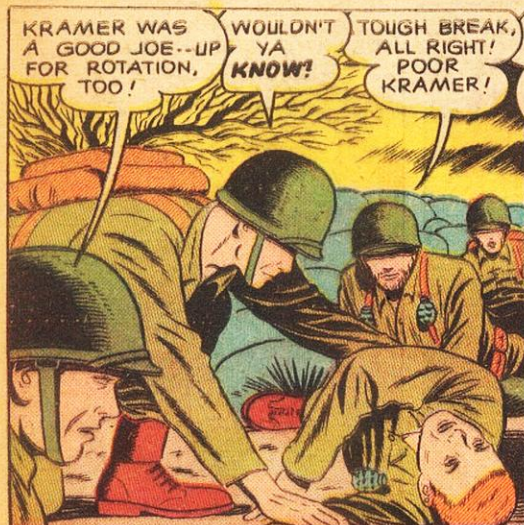
IT'S COMING FROM
A **FARMHOUSE**,
SARGE! I C'N
SEE IT!



GET **DOWN**, KRAMER--
YOU'RE A SITTING
DUCK! **GEDDOWN**
BEFORE---



HE'S **HIT!**
THEY
GOT
'IM!



KRAMER WAS
A GOOD JOE--UP
FOR ROTATION,
TOO!

WOULDN'T
ALL RIGHT!
YA **KNOW!**

TOUGH BREAK,
ALL RIGHT!
POOR
KRAMER!



IS THAT ALL YOU CAN SAY?
POOR KRAMER... **POOR KRAMER!**
HE'S **DEAD!** KILLED BY A
TWO CENT BULLET FOR NO
GOOD REASON!
WHY... **WHY?**

EASY,
KID!

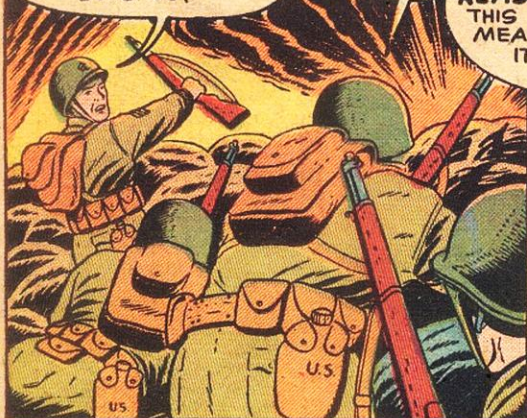
BETTER
LOOK
AFTER
YOUR
BOY,
HANK!

C'MON, YOU GUYS! KEEP GAWKIN' THIS WAY AN' YOU'LL BE KEEPIN' **KRAMER COMPANY!** LET'S GO!

RIGHT, SARGE! WE'RE COMIN'!

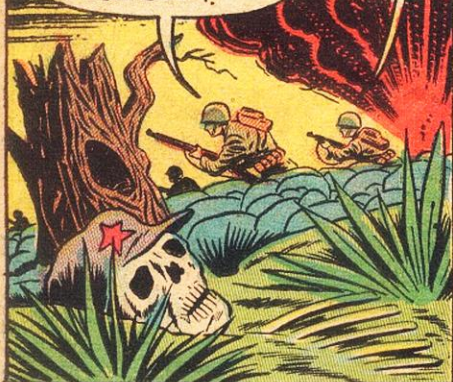
I'M NOT YELLOW, HANK, BUT IF YOU'RE GONNA PUT YOUR LIFE ON THE LINE, YOU'VE GOTTA HAVE A **REASON!** WHAT DOES THIS WHOLE MESS MEAN? WHAT DID IT MEAN TO KRAMER?

I'M NOT TOO GOOD ON THIS **WHY** STUFF, KID, BUT THERE **IS** A GOOD REASON! I C'N FEEL IT IN MY BONES A HUNDRED DIFFERENT WAYS! IT'S **HERE, BARNEY,** BUT **YOU'VE GOTTA SEE IT FOR YOURSELF!**



WE'D BETTER CATCH UP WITH THE OTHERS BEFORE WE LOSE 'EM! STICK CLOSE TO MY TAIL, KID-- AN' STOP **NEEDLIN'** YOURSELF!

I'LL TRY, HANK-- I'LL TRY!



IN A CAUTIOUS APPROACH, THE REMNANTS OF THE COMPANY CLOSED IN ON THE FARMHOUSE! THE SUN SHONE BRIGHTLY, BUT ALL WAS STILL-- **TOO STILL!**

THEY'RE IN THERE-- **WAITIN'!**

BUT IT LOOKS SO PEACEFUL! YA KNOW SOMETHING? THAT BARN REMINDS ME OF **MINE,** IN KANSAS!

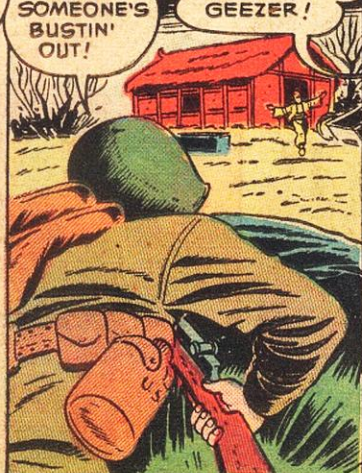


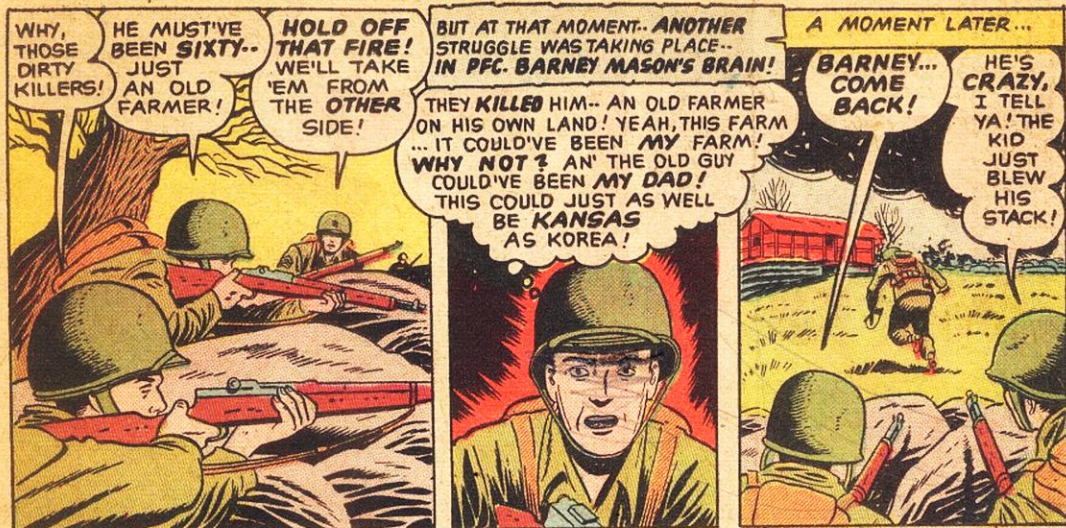
FOR CRYIN' OUT LOUD, ARE YOU GOIN' SOFT IN THE HEAD? THERE'S **REDS** IN THERE-- JUST ITCHIN' TO PUT A NICE FAT SLUG BETWEEN YOUR PRETTY BLUE EYES!

LOOKA THERE! SOMEONE'S BUSTIN' OUT!

HOLD YOUR FIRE! IT'S AN OLD GEEZER!

SUDDENLY, UNDER A WITHERING STREAM OF FIRE FROM BEHIND...







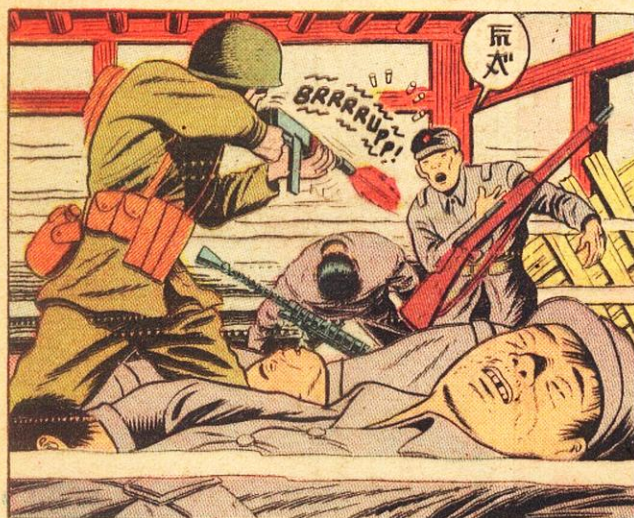
I'M NOT THROUGH
YET, RATS! I'M
MAKIN' A CLEAN
SWEEP!

RAT-
TAT-
TAT!



HOW DOES IT FEEL
ON THE RECEIVING
END, HUH?

RAT-TAT-TAT-TAT!



BRRRRUP!

んんん



THEY'LL NEVER GET TO
KANSAS--NONE OF 'EM!
WE'VE GOT TO STOP 'EM
HERE! WE'VE GOT TO!



YOU
OKAY,
BARNEY?

WATCHA TRYIN' TO DO,
KID--WIN THIS WAR
SINGLE-
HANDED?



YOU MIGHT NOT
UNDERSTAND, SARGE,
BUT HANK WOULD!
I'VE JUST FOUND
OUT THE REASON
WHY I'M HERE!
EVERYTHING'S
BEGINNING TO
MAKE SENSE!

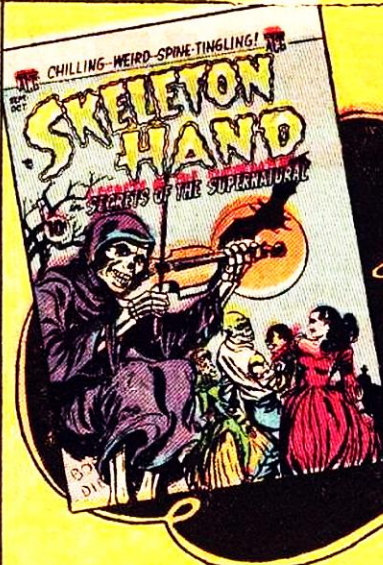
I KNEW
IT WOULD,
BARNEY!



SLOWLY, THE MEN TURNED AND
PLODGED FORWARD TOWARD THE
ROAR OF BATTLE! THE INCIDENT
WAS OVER, BUT A MAN HAD
FOUND HIS ANSWER! HE HAD
BECOME-- A SOLDIER!

KEEP MOVIN', YOU GUYS--
THERE'S PLENTY OF WAR
LEFT FOR EVERYBODY!
C'MON NOW-- SNAP
IT UP!

THE
END



9th NEW...

IT'S SPINE-TINGLING ...IT'S Different!

SKELETON HAND

in *SECRETS OF THE SUPERNATURAL*

CHILL AND THRILL TO STRANGE MYSTERIES FROM BEYOND LIFE ITSELF, BROUGHT TO YOU IN THE STIRRING PAGES OF A GREAT NEW COMICS MAGAZINE! DON'T MISS

SKELETON HAND

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ROTATION

THE TENSION WAS becoming unbearable. Sergeant Joe Masters knew that he was up for rotation, and because he knew it, his effectiveness as a combat squad leader was cut in half. As now, for example, when all his faculties should have been concentrating intensely on the task of leading a reconnaissance patrol. Instead, his mind wandered. When would his orders to return to the States come...today...tomorrow...next week...never?

It was the last possibility which paralyzed his effectiveness. He had done his share, he thought...let the others take over. He'd been in the lines longer than any of them, and it would be just like the perverse fates of war to kill him just as he was about to come through safely.

The scout ahead suddenly lifted his arm in a signal of danger, snapping Joe's mind swiftly to attention. The small patrol dropped in its tracks, hugged the ground, as Joe crawled forward to see what was happening. "Large Red patrol just over the ridge," the scout whispered. "Do we take 'em on?" Joe shook his head briskly. "We're not here to fight," he snapped, "just to get information. Lie low till they pass."

The scout's expression of surprise and disappointment stuck with Joe as he slithered back to his position. "The eager jerks," he thought angrily. "All they wanna do is fight. But a reconnaissance patrol's mission is to avoid engaging the enemy, like the book says, and only to get the info you're sent for."

But the information they sought was the disposition of enemy troops, and who would know that better than the leader of the large unit passing just on the other side of the ridge? "But it would be foolhardy," something inside him said. "No guarantee you could take prisoners. Besides, somebody might get hurt. Rotation was coming up...rotation...rotation..."

It spun around in his head like a top, until the scout signaled that it was safe to proceed. Joe's trained eye analyzed the

terrain around him. There was a line of woods circling around to the draw on the left, down which the enemy patrol was sure to travel. If he acted fast he could set up an ambush. He'd done it before many times. "Don't be a sucker," a voice warned. But all of a sudden Joe knew that he could never live with himself if he showed a yellow streak. More than anything else he wanted to live through the war, but he also wanted to leave the lines in style.

The American patrol acted fast. Within five minutes they had raced up the line of woods and taken position...waiting for the Reds. The enemy approached cautiously. Joe let the scouts pass, and then, when the main body of the patrol was under burp gun sights...he gave the signal.

"Fire!" He yelled, and the woods were filled with the clatter of automatic weapons, the screams of confused and dying men. They had achieved total surprise. Reds toppled in clusters. From their positions of the heights the Americans were able to lob down hand grenades at will. But a few of the Reds had reached cover and were sending back a stream of lead. Joe's decision was automatic. "Line of fire here!" he shouted. "I'll take the rest around the flank!"

It was a simple, straightforward operation. Sure, you might get killed, but that couldn't be helped. It was a classic maneuver, standard infantry tactics. Joe's team reached the remaining Reds from the flank, wiping out half with a quick burst. The others threw up their hands in surrender. "Take them in, men," said Joe, feeling a swell of well-being pass over him. "They'll have the info headquarters wants."

Then it was only a matter of picking up the dead officer's combat maps, stashing away a souvenir or two for the kids at home, and beating it back like sixty for friendly lines.

And somehow, Joe knew, he would leave Korea alive, and that he would be holding his head high, proudly...like a soldier.

HEROES of AMERICAN BATTLES COLONEL ETHAN ALLEN

ON APRIL 23, 1775
IN THE HEAD-
QUARTERS OF COL.
ETHAN ALLEN OF
VERMONT...

COLONEL,
WE'VE JUST
RECEIVED
WORD THAT
THE MINUTE
MEN DE-
FEATED THE
TORIES IN
PITCHED
BATTLES AT
CONCORD AND
LEXINGTON!

THAT MEANS THE
REVOLUTION AGAINST
THE BRITISH HAS
STARTED! SEND WORD
AROUND TO THE GREEN
MOUNTAIN BOYS--
AND TELL THEM THAT
COL. ETHAN ALLEN
IS READY TO LEAD
THEM INTO
BATTLE!

WHEN THE WORD SPREAD TO THE HARDY
FARMERS OF THE GREEN MOUNTAINS...

AIN'T YUH HEARD?
COL. ALLEN IS
LEADIN' US
AG'INST FORT
TICONDEROGA!

I'D FOLLOW OLD
ETH TO PERDITION!
WAIT'LL I GET MY
MUSKET-- AN' I'LL
JOIN YE!



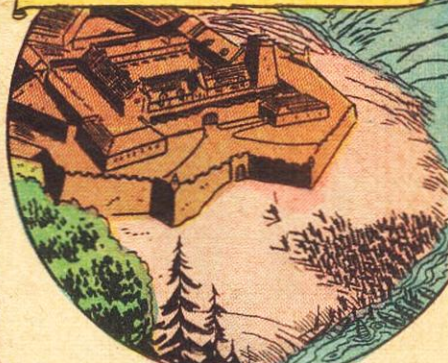
FORT TICONDEROGA
COMMANDED THE
NARROW WATERWAY
LEADING FROM LAKE
GEORGE INTO THE
SOUTHERN END OF
LAKE CHAMPLAIN--
AND IF THE REVOLU-
TIONISTS COULD CAP-
TURE IT FROM THE
TORIES, THEY COULD
PREVENT THE BRITISH
FROM SENDING RE-
INFORCEMENTS FROM
CANADA! COL. ALLEN
MADE A FORCED
MARCH FROM BEN-
NINGTON WITH 230
GREEN MOUNTAIN
BOYS-- BUT WHEN
HE ARRIVED AT THE
LAKE OPPOSITE THE
FORT ON MAY 9TH...

SORRY, COLONEL--
WE COULD ONLY
GET ENOUGH
BOATS TO HOLD
83 MEN!

THEN WE'LL
ATTACK
WITH JUST
83 MEN!

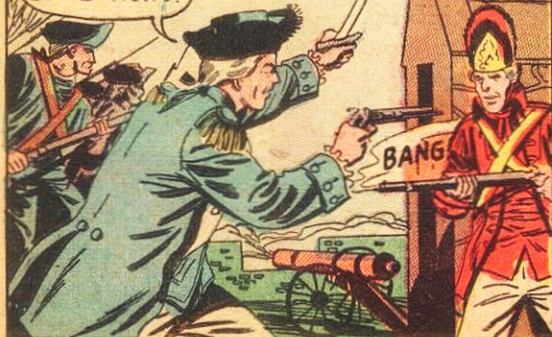


THE CROSSING WAS MADE UNDER
COVER OF DARKNESS -- AND IN THE
FAINT LIGHT OF DAWN, WHILE THE
UNSUSPECTING TORY TROOPS WERE
STILL ASLEEP IN THEIR BARRACKS...



ETHAN ALLEN HIMSELF LED THE CHARGE-- AND
WAS THE FIRST TO BE FIRED UPON BY THE
BRITISH SENTRY!

YOU MISSED--
BUT I WON'T!

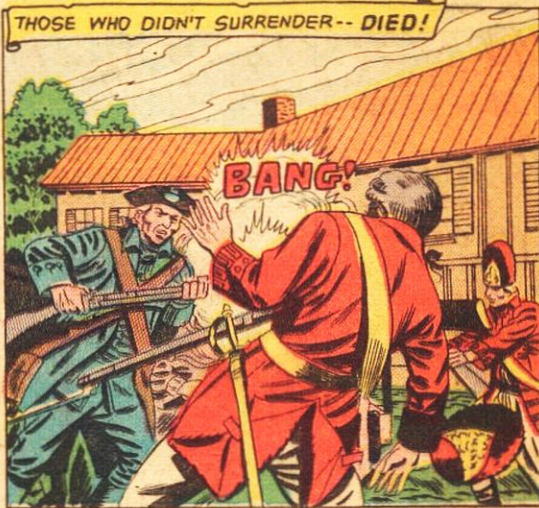
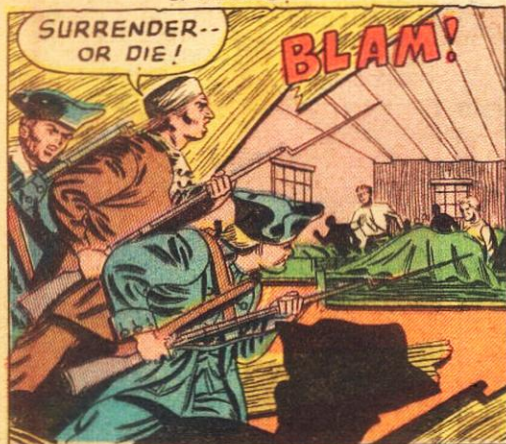


ARGHH!

BANG!



ONCE INSIDE THE FORT, THE GREEN MOUNTAIN BOYS
BATTERED DOWN THE DOORS OF THE TORY
BARRACKS!



COL ALLEN CAUGHT THE BRITISH COMMANDER
CAPT DE LA PLACE, ON THE BARRACKS
STAIRWAY, JUST AS THE BRITISHER
WAS RUSHING DOWN...



THUS, ETHAN ALLEN'S
DARING, MASTERFUL
STROKE WON FORT
TICONDEROGA-- A
VITAL VICTORY IN THE
REVOLUTIONARY WAR!



THE
END

MISSION for MARINES

Nothing is deadlier or more demoralizing than steady mortar fire -- and Sergeant Mike Kennedy's company had been pinned down for twenty hours! The one answer was artillery -- artillery hot and heavy -- and to Kennedy and Private Stevens, it spelled a **MISSION for MARINES!**



THIS WOULDN'T BE SO HARD TO TAKE, CAPTAIN -- IF THE MEN DIDN'T KNOW WE'VE GOT A BATTERY OF 90-MILLIMETRE GUNS ON WONSHAN RIDGE! CRIPES -- THEY'RE JUST FOUR MILES WEST OF HERE!

MIGHT JUST AS WELL BE FOUR HUNDRED, KENNEDY! OUR WALKIE-TALKIE'S BEEN SMASHED BY A DIRECT HIT -- THE ENTIRE AREA'S INFESTED BY CHINESE SNIPERS COVERING THE MORTAR CREWS -- SO YOU TELL ME HOW WE'RE GOING TO MAKE CONTACT WITH THAT ARTILLERY!

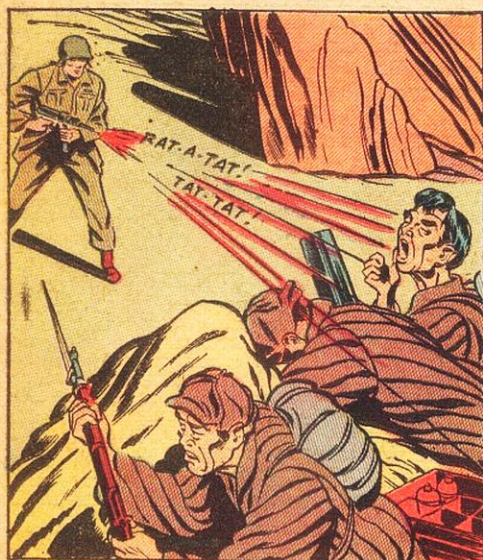
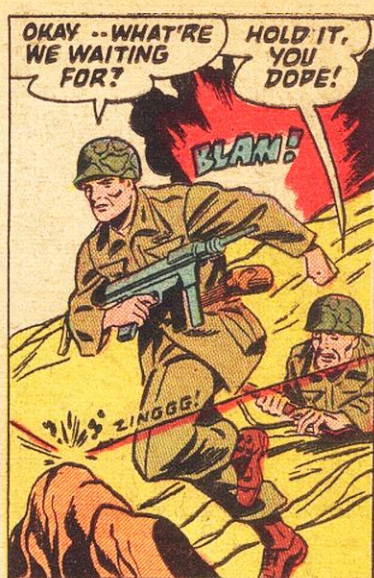
NOPE -- WITH HALF OUR STRENGTH CASUALTIES, WE CAN'T DO ANYTHING BUT HOLE UP AND TAKE IT! BUT, BY GOSH -- I WISH THE GOOKS WOULD TRY A BAYONET CHARGE FOR A CHANGE!

WAIT A MINUTE! AM I NUTS -- OR IS THAT JERK MOVING OUT INTO THE OPEN?

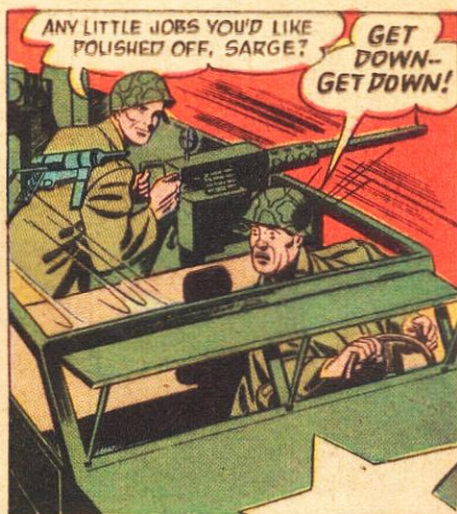
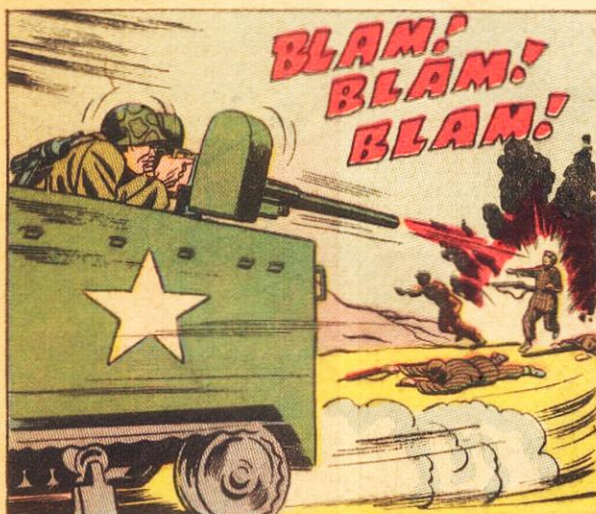
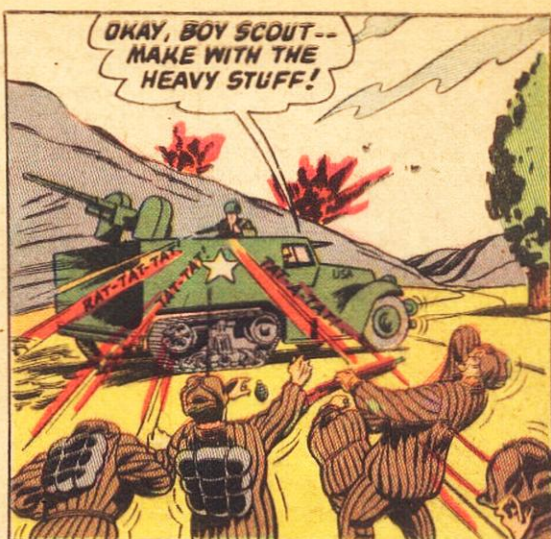
MIGHT'VE KNOWN -- IT'S STEVENS! HEY -- BOY SCOUT!

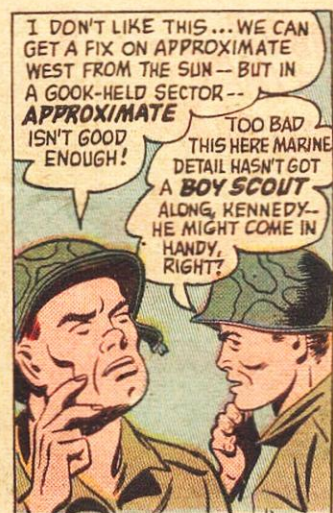












YOU OKAY
KID?
WANNA
SIT THIS
ONE
OUT?

GO CLIMB A
TREE! WE'RE
ON OUR WAY
TO WONSHAN
RIDGE--
REMEMBER?

SUITS ME! MY EARS
ARE RINGING LIKE
A STEEPLE-- BUT
I'M READY TO
MOVE **ANY**
TIME!

HOLD IT!
WONSHAN'S
OVER **THAT**
WAY!

SURE-- BUT
ALL THE
RIDGES LOOK
ALIKE! WE'RE
STILL WOOLY, SARGE--
**THAT CONCUSSION
FOULED UP OUR
SENSE OF
DIRECTION!**

I DON'T LIKE THIS... WE CAN
GET A FIX ON APPROXIMATE
WEST FROM THE SUN-- BUT IN
A GOOK-HELD SECTOR--
APPROXIMATE
ISN'T GOOD
ENOUGH!

TOO BAD
THIS HERE MARINE
DETAIL HASN'T GOT
A **BOY SCOUT**
ALONG, KENNEDY--
HE MIGHT COME IN
HANDY,
RIGHT?

LOOK, BUD-- RUB
IT IN LATER! OUR
GUYS NEED HELP
FAST-- **SO QUIT
STALLING!**

CHECK! LET'S
HAVE YOUR
**WRIST
WATCH!**

HERE'S HOW IT'S DONE,
TENDERFOOT! I'VE GOT THE
HOUR HAND POINTED TOWARD
THE SUN, SEE? MIDWAY
BETWEEN THE HOUR HAND
AND TWELVE IS **DUE SOUTH**--
WHICH PUTS WEST AT AN
EXACT RIGHT ANGLE--
**SMACK BETWEEN
FIVE AND SIX!**

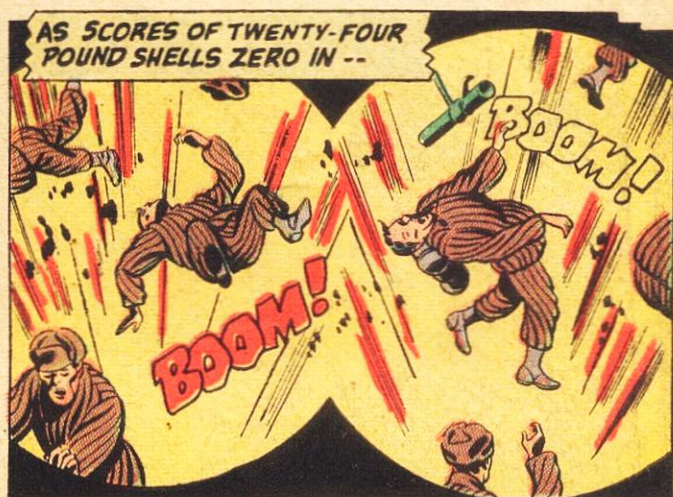
I WAS JUST
THINKING, STEVENS--
YOU WOULDN'T
MAKE A BAD
CORPORAL!

BETWEEN
YOU AND ME,
SERGEANT--
I FEEL THE
SAME WAY
ABOUT
YOU!

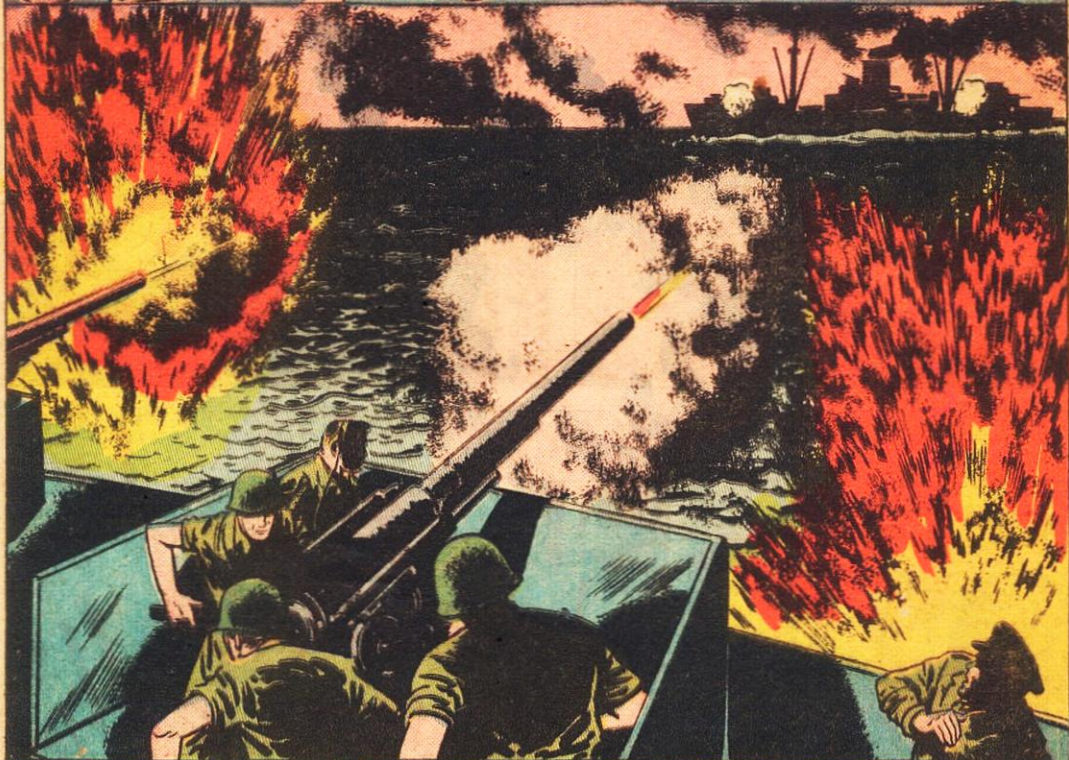
AN HOUR LATER -- AT THE ARTILLERY
OBSERVATION POST ON
WONSHAN RIDGE --

MARINES? YOU
MEAN YOU MEN CAME
FOUR MILES THROUGH
THE ENEMY LINES--
ALONE?

CRIPES, MAJOR--
NOTHIN' TO IT!
THE **TOUGH**
GUYS ARE THE
ONES WE LEFT
BACK THERE!



Battle STATIONS!

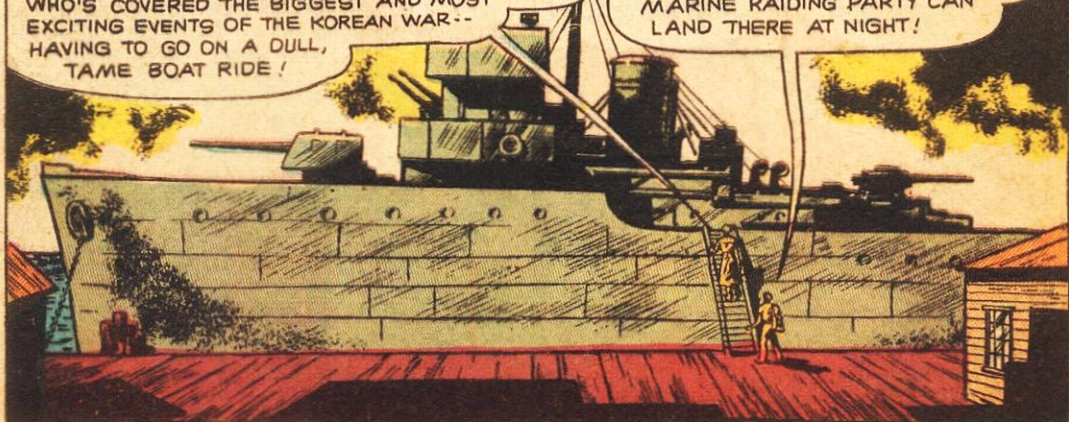


"ENEMY SIGHTED-- BATTLE STATIONS!" WHENEVER THAT CRY HAS SOUNDED ON AMERICAN WARSHIPS DOWN THROUGH THE YEARS, IT'S MEANT DANGER AND DEATH-- FOR SOMEONE! BUT ALTHOUGH THE HEADLINES AND GLORY HAVE MOST OFTEN GONE TO THE BIG BABIES, FROM BATTLESHIPS TO GIANT FLAT-TOPS, THE CRY OF BATTLE STATIONS CAN BRING EVEN GREATER GLORY TO THE SMALLER VESSELS-- AS WAR CORRESPONDENT KEN HIGBY FOUND OUT!

IN PUSAN HARBOR...

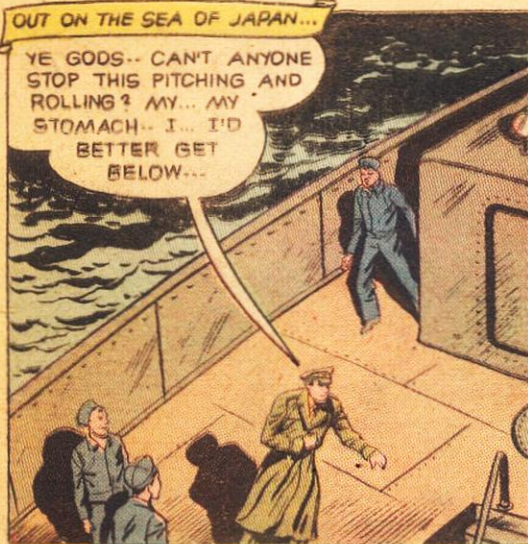
WHAT A ROTTEN DEAL, BEING ASSIGNED BY MY PAPER TO GET A STORY ABOUT A PUNY LITTLE MINESWEEPER MISSION! I MEDIATE-- ME, KEN HIGBY, ACE WAR CORRESPONDENT, WHO'S COVERED THE BIGGEST AND MOST EXCITING EVENTS OF THE KOREAN WAR-- HAVING TO GO ON A DULL, TAME BOAT RIDE!

YEAH, I GUESS IT IS GONNA BE PURTY TAME-- ALL WE'RE GONNA DO IS CLEAR SOME MINES FROM THE WATERS SOUTH OF WONSAN SO A MARINE RAIDING PARTY CAN LAND THERE AT NIGHT!



OUT ON THE SEA OF JAPAN...

YE GODS-- CAN'T ANYONE
STOP THIS PITCHING AND
ROLLING? MY... MY
STOMACH-- I... I'D
BETTER GET
BELOW--



BUT BELOW
DECKS...

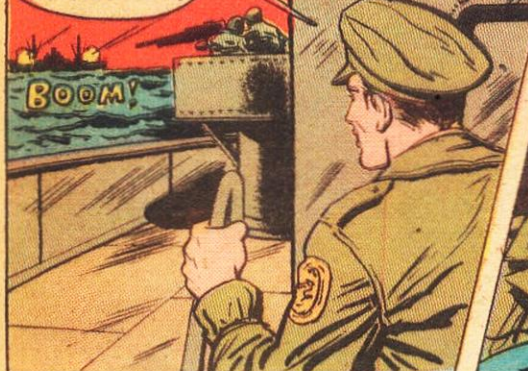
HUH? WHAT AN IDIOTIC
TIME FOR TARGET
PRACTICE!

BOOM!



IF I CAN'T HAVE ANY
PEACE BELOW DECKS,
I MIGHT AS WELL---
GREAT SCOTT--
WE'RE BEING
FIRE ON!

**BATTLE
STATIONS!**



WH...WHAT'S
HAPPENING,
CAPTAIN?

THAT'S A RED MINE--
LAYER AHEAD OF US--
AND THEY'VE GOT 5 INCH
GUNS TO OUR 3 INCHERS!
--**FIRE!**

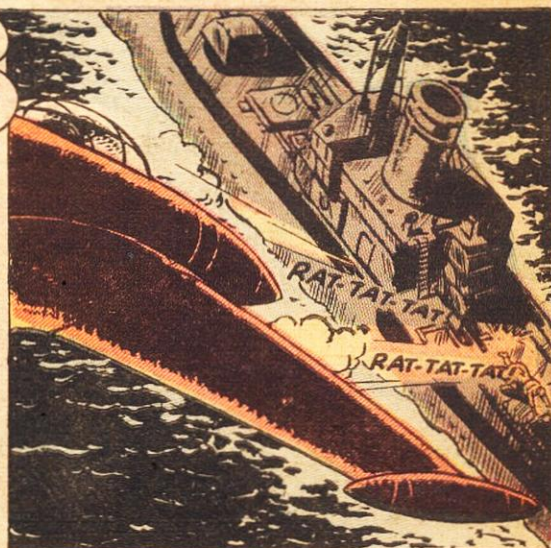
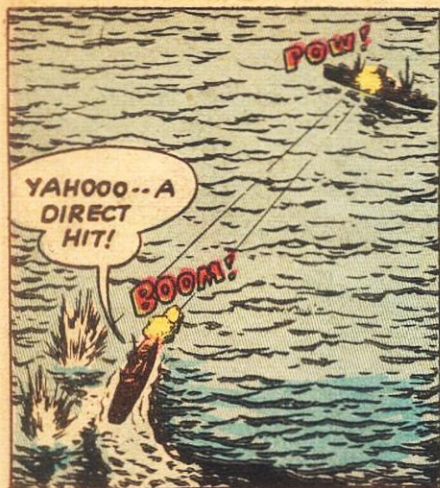


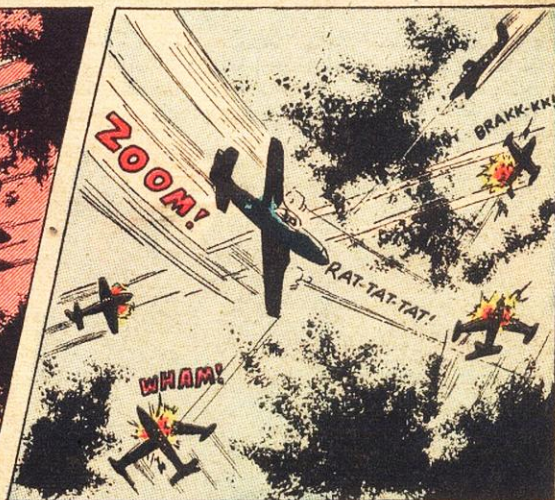
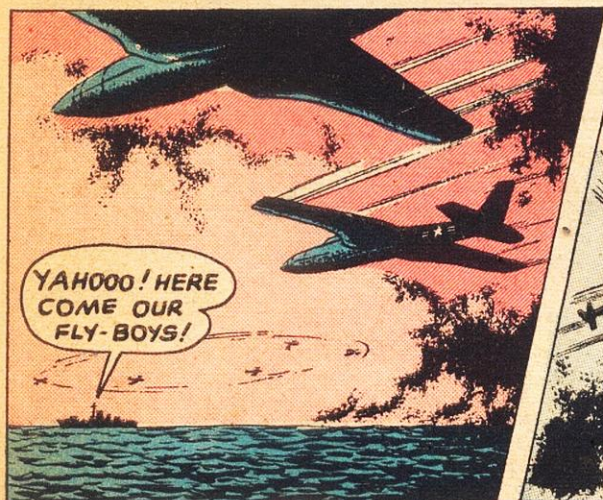
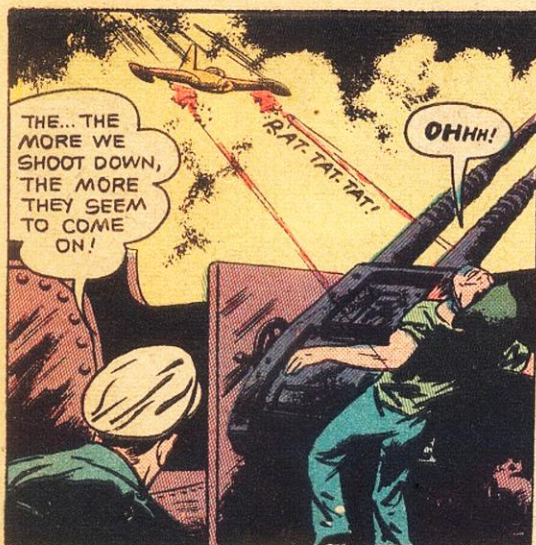
YIPE! WE'RE OUTGUNNED
--WHY IN BLAZES DON'T WE
GET OUT OF HERE?



THE U.S. NAVY NEVER TURNS
TAIL ON A FIGHT! ALL WE
HAVE TO DO IS GET INTO
EFFECTIVE RANGE FOR OUR
3 INCHERS-- AND ONE HIT
WILL BLOW THAT SHIP FULL
OF MINES TO KINGDOM
COME! **FULL SPEED
AHEAD-- IN A ZIG-ZAG
COURSE!**









You Can WIN

This 15" tall
SILVER TROPHY
JUST AS I DID IN
10 MINUTES
OF FUN
A DAY!

I GAINED 53 LBS. OF SHAPELY POWER-PACKED MUSCLES!

Which of these

2 ME'S is YOU?

THAT 112 LB.-6 FT.

SPINDLE-**SISSY** below
ARMED WAS ME
A FEW SHORT WEEKS AGO

THIS MAY BE
YOUR LAST
CHANCE
TO GET FOR
ALL 5 **10c**
PICTURE
PACKED COURSES
MILLIONS HAVE
BEEN SOLD FOR
\$1 AND MORE

When I enrolled I was
a skinny, sick weak-
ling. As you can see
in my "Before" Photo I
looked like a child...
years younger than my
age. I was ashamed to
take a picture in bath-
ing trunks as I do now.
I was shy with girls
because I had nothing
to show off. A few
weeks after starting
the Jowett Course my
body was the best in
the neighborhood. Now
I get respect and ad-
miration from every
fellow and girl I meet.

Roger D. Hirsch
NEW YORK

There's that
skinny scarecrow
ROGER. Let's
pass him by!



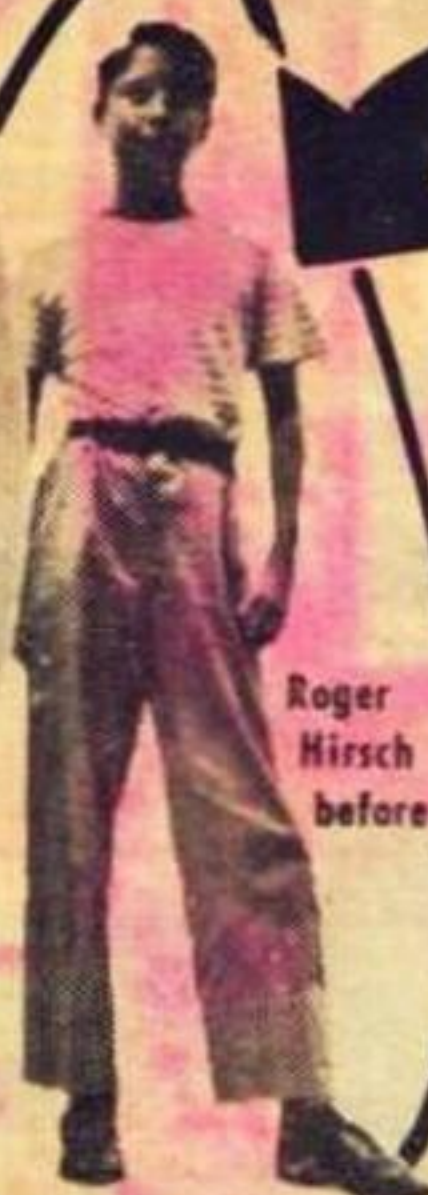
ROGER HIRSCH
was a 112 lb. 6 ft. WEAKLING.
Look at him NOW—
A MOVIE-STAR HE-MAN
from Head to Toe

as **YOU**
can be
soon!

YES! You'll see INCH upon INCH of MIGHTY MUSCLE added to
YOUR ARMS. Your CHEST deepened. Your BACK AND
SHOULDERS broadened. From head to heels, you'll gain SOLIDITY,
SIZE, POWER, SPEED! You'll become an ALL-Around, ALL-American
HE-MAN, A WINNER in everything you tackle—or my Training won't
cost you one solitary cent.

Develop YOUR 520 MUSCLES Gain Pounds, INCHES, FAST!

Friend, I've traveled the world. Made a LIFETIME STUDY of every way
known to develop your body. Then I devised the BEST by TEST, my
"5-WAY PROGRESSIVE POWER" the only method that builds you 5-ways
fast. You save YEARS, DOLLARS like movie star Tom Tyler did. Like
champ Roger Hirsch did. Like MANY THOUSANDS like you did. SO Mail
coupon NOW!



Roger
Hirsch
before

NO! friend you
don't have to be
SKINNY any more
just mail **NOW**
the **FREE**
coupon below
as I did. Soon
YOU can add

6 1/2 inches to your **CHEST**
3 inches to each **ARM**
and the rest
in proportion
just as I did.

Come on, PAL, NOW YOU GIVE ME

10

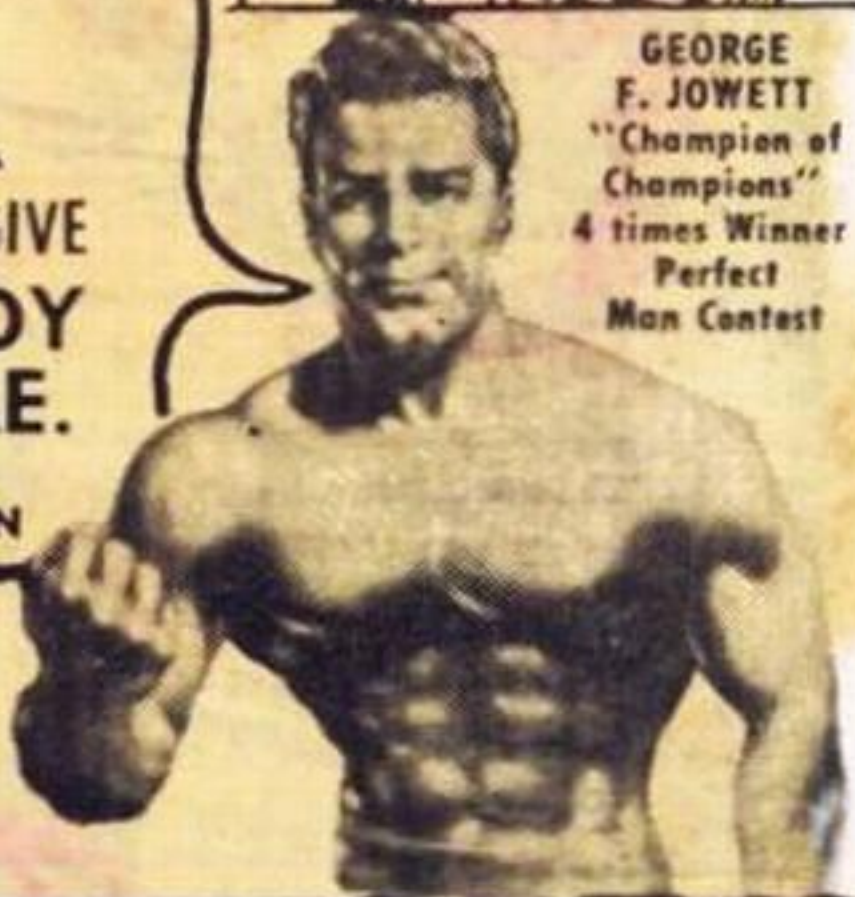
PLEASANT MINUTES A
DAY IN YOUR HOME... AND I'LL GIVE
YOU a NEW HE-MAN BODY
For Your **OLD SKELETON FRAME.**

says *George F. Jowett* World's Greatest
Builder of HE-MEN

NO! I don't care how skinny or flabby you are; if you're
a teen-ager, in your 20's or 30's or over; if you're
short or tall, or what work you do. All I want is JUST
10 EXCITING MINUTES in your home to MAKE YOU OVER
by the SAME METHOD I turned myself from a wreck
to a Champion of Champions.



FREE



GEORGE F. JOWETT
"Champion of
Champions"
4 times Winner
Perfect
Man Contest

BOTH FREE FOR QUICK ACTION!

1. Photo Book of STRONG MEN
2. MUSCLE METER

Dept. AM-29

"Jowett Courses
greatest in
World for
Building
All-Around
HE-MEN"
—R. F. Kelley
Director
Physical

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230 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 1, N. Y.

Dear George: Please mail to me FREE Jowett's Photo Book of
Strong Men and a Muscle Meter, plus all 5 HE-MAN Building
Courses: 1. How to Build a Mighty Chest. 2. How to Build a
Mighty Arm. 3. How to Build a Mighty Grip. 4. How to Build
a Mighty Back. 5. How to Build Mighty Legs—Now all in One
Volume "How to become a Mighty HE-MAN." ENCLOSED FIND 10c
FOR POSTAGE AND HANDLING (no C.O.D.'s).

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ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

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8 METAL CAR
"ACTION FLEET"
 A Terrific Toy Set

- Windows Go Up and Down
- Windshield wipers move...
- Car moves and Bangs,
- Bell clangs...
- Taximeter registers...

Fascinate the youngsters with hours of fun and action. Imagine—every car WORKS in the line of duty! 1 car with working windshield wiper, 2 cars with windows that open and close, 1 police car with gun that bangs and recoils, 1 ambulance with ringing and swaying bell, 2 taxis with meters that register fare, 1 fire chief car with bell that rings and sways. All 8 cars made of durable steel... rubber wheels cannot come out... bottoms completely enclosed... all new Two-tone and metallic finish... all differently colored. **SEND NO MONEY** (C.O.D., you pay postage. Remit with order, we pay postage.)
RUSH YOUR ORDER TODAY!

Terrific Value! Only \$2.98 COMPLETE

Hi! I'm GINGER!
 the Doll whose HAIR YOU CAN WAVE!

I have RUBBER WONDERSKIN!

FREE HAIR WAVE KIT

NEW!

A wonderful new doll in washable rubber Wonderskin whose hair is so lifelike it can be waved in any style and rewaved just like your own. A perfect playmate for the "Junior Mother" of the house. Complete with real Hair-wave kit which consists of... plastic curlers... rubber waving bands... waving end papers... plastic comb... and bottle of hair wave lotion. Ginger is 11 inches tall. Her soft cuddly body which can be bathed will give the "Junior Miss" an almost real baby sister to play with.

TERRIFIC VALUE! only \$3.98 complete

RUSH YOUR ORDER TODAY!

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SUPER DELUXE
ELECTRIC TV PROJECTOR
 SHOWS REAL FILMS

- A BIG SHOW "Little Red Riding Hood"
- A REAL PROJECTOR! Bright Red Plastic!
- A COLORFUL THEATRE with Screen!
- COMPLETELY SAFE! Any Child Can Operate

EXTRA FILM 3 FILMS ONLY \$1.00

SHOW WHITE THE OWL AND THE PUSSY CAT JINGLE BELLS THREE LITTLE PIGS JACK AND JILL RIP VAN WINKLE TOM THUMB ROBINSON CRUSOE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT WINNIE WILLIE

Now any child can show the most exciting movies at home with this streamlined TELEVUE Projector, complete with colorful theatre and screen. The bright red plastic projector is safe and simple to operate—nothing to get out of order. Think of the fun of watching your favorite come to life on the theatre screen! This Super Deluxe Projector will mean big movie parties for friends and family. You boys and girls will be fascinated with the Big Movie Shows, and running movies all by yourself is the greatest treat of them all!

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HE'S OVER 19" TALL!
 MOVES HIS MOUTH, ARMS AND LEGS!
 REAL COWBOY OUTFIT!

Hey kids—here's your chance to become a master ventriloquist—in a jiffy! Imagine—you can make HAPPY the COWBOY actually talk! (In your own voice, of course.) Pull the string in the back of his head—watch his lips move—hear your own words coming right out of HAPPY'S mouth! See how real he looks—rigged up in a cowboy hat, washable plaid shirt and western pants... Show off your skill at parties—at school! **SEND NO MONEY** (C.O.D. you pay postage. Remit with order, we pay postage.)

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☐ HAPPY THE COWBOY \$2.98	☐ Ginger \$3.98

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